Lord Loveland Discovers America

By C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON

(Continued from Last Saturday.)

Hill Farm, as Mrs. Loveland's place was called, lay in a charming country not far from Louisville, and at noon of the day after her surprise visit to the theater Miss Dearmer's newly appointed chauffeur was waiting for his employer at the Ashville station.

In his hand was the battered bag which had called forth the contempt of Jack Jacobus, and in his heart were shame, rebellion, jealousy and joy, mingled with several other emotions, none of which he could have defined—least of all the joy.

He reminded himself that there could now be no possible satisfaction in his nearness to Lesley. She did not like him enough to believe in him.

He had to wait for some time on the platform before Miss Dearmer appeared, and then she came toward him alone.

"Auntie is saying goodby to our Ashville friends," she explained. "I—they're not going to stop with us till the train goes. I thought for several reasons it would be better not, and they quite understand. Before you meet my aunt I want a little talk with you. I haven't told her or the others that you—that there's any connection between you and the newspaper story about the marquis and his adventures. I said I'd met you before and was sorry to find now that you'd had misfortunes, losing your money and other things, that had put you into an uncomfortable position. Auntie was in her stateroom on board ship till the last morning, and then I didn't point you out to her. If she saw you at all she didn't notice you particularly, and, besides, she's very nearsighted. She knows only that you're Mr. Gordon and that to help you a little I've asked you to act as chauffeur for a short time till you can get something better."

"And till Mr. Cremer can get some one better," Loveland capped her words.

"You have to be tried first," smiled the girl. "And I mean you to be a success—a great success. Now I'm going to auntie. I think we'd better travel in different cars, for she hasn't quite got used yet to the idea of a gentleman chauffeur."

With that the girl pressed a railway ticket into his hand, and he was left, not knowing whether he were more inclined to laughter or to cursing.

The Hill Farm might almost have been an English farm, with its rambling red brick house, apparently of the Georgian period, its square paned windows and its pillared porch draped with a tangle of grapevine and Virginia creeper.

Val arrived only a few minutes later than Lesley and Mrs. Loveland, and the girl was waiting for him in the open doorway when his hack drove up.

"This is a big old house," said Lesley, coming out into the porch—"at least it's old for America. It's stood for about 150 years, and there's lots of room in it. You will live in the west wing. In a few minutes Uncle Wally will show you where to go. Here, Uncle Wally, take Mr. Gordon's bag."

There was no contempt either for the bag or its owner on the mild old face of the gray headed negro, who was as perfect and well trained a servant in his way as any butler in an English country house. Evidently he, too, had been told that this was a "gentleman chauffeur," to be treated like a gentleman. And Loveland was grateful to his hostess, feeling a sudden impulse toward happiness until, with a shock, he remembered Sidney Cremer.

"When will Mr. Cremer arrive?" he asked Lesley as they walked together across a sloping lawn toward the stables.

"Oh, Sidney's very much at home here," she answered lightly. "You may see him at any time. Meanwhile you won't mind driving the car for me, will you?"

"I think you know whether I'll mind that or not," said Loveland almost more to himself than to the girl. "If only there were no Sidney Cremer"—

"I have an idea you won't dislike Sidney when you meet him," Lesley said kindly.

"A man's chauffeur has no right to an opinion about him—at least that's what I used to think myself. Cremer must be very rich," grumbled Loveland, apparently apropos of nothing.

"Sidney makes a good deal of money out of novels and plays—at least it seems a good deal to me, but maybe it wouldn't to you. Perhaps Sidney's earnings amount to about twelve or fifteen thousand of your English pounds a year, and he's saved quite a lot, too, for he's been popular as a playwright and novelist in America and England for several years now."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Loveland. "What a lucky beggar!"

"That just expresses it—a 'lucky beggar'—for, he was almost a beggar at the time he made his first success."

"Shall you be married soon?"

Lesley smiled, and her dimples twinkled. "It isn't decided yet. But I dare say it will be soon. Now, I suppose with the grand ideas you used to talk to me about, £12,000 or £15,000 a year and a few loose thousands lying around, would seem like shabby genteel poverty to you."

"Don't hit a man when he's down," said Loveland. "If I had only half as much as Mr. Cremer I could do the things I want most to do."

"What are they?" asked Lesley.

"Nowadays the things I feel I should like most to do are to restore our poor old tumbled down home and get rid of my debts."

"You say 'nowadays.' Have you changed your mind lately?"

"I've changed almost everything except these everlasting tweeds! I know, of course, that my affairs will come right in one way presently. I shall get back to England before my leave's up, but I shan't go back the same man. I've lost the chance of all that's the best worth having, if I ever could have had such a chance."

"You're too young to give up hope, almost as young as Sidney Cremer."

"What! He's younger than I am?"

"Sidney is twenty-three."

"Once you said you didn't like men under twenty-six, they seemed so raw."

"I ought to be flattered that you should remember my sayings of 'once.' You see, though, Sidney's quite different from—other men, especially to me. But here we are at the stables. We'll talk about Sidney's car instead of Sidney."

"Just one question first!" exclaimed Loveland, stopping short in front of the old fashioned but neatly kept stables and spacious southern barn. "I know I haven't any right to ask it, but were you engaged to Cremer when we crossed together on the Mauretania?"

"WERE YOU ENGAGED TO CREMER?"

"My relations with Sidney were then exactly what they are now," replied the girl, with a pretty primness that made her mouth look as if she had just said "prunes, prisms, propriety."

His last hope gone—since Lesley had not accepted Cremer out of pique—Loveland was silenced.

CHAPTER XXV.

SIDNEY CREMER'S CHAUFFEUR.

No letter was forwarded to the Hill Farm from the theater at Bonnerstown for the very good reason that Miss Moon, having found one for Mr. P. Gordon, opened, read and out of sheer spite destroyed it, with its several inclosures.

The envelope was addressed in Bill Willing's inappropriately beautiful handwriting, and there was a short note from him saying that he had great pleasure in inclosing two letters just arrived from England; also that he sent his "undying love to Lillie de Lisle."

One of the English letters blazed to the actress' dazzled eyes with a gilded coronet and began: "My Own Darling Val—How can you ever forgive me for not answering your poor, dear cablegram? But of course I thought it was from that horrible wretch Foxham. It seems now he sold your ticket for the Baltic and sailed for Australia. All sorts of reports came in about him directly after you must have sailed, and I learn now that even before you left James Harborough suspected him because of some forged check he'd heard of—I'm really too confused and upset to remember how or when or what. But in any case it was most remiss of James not to have instantly warned you against the man, even on the slightest suspicion."

This was only the beginning of the coroneted letter, which had no paragraphs and very few punctuations. Jealous still, Miss Moon was relieved to see that the signature was "Your Adoring Mother," but she was at a loss to understand allusions to duchesses and other persons of title. Indeed, it would have appeared to her like a "property" letter to be read on the stage by an aristocratic hero of melodrama had it not been for the post-office order for $300, which it contained. This she threw into the fire that Gordon might not benefit by it.

The other letter inclosed had no coronet and was signed "Your affectionate cousin, Betty." At the end was a postscript in a different hand, which seemed somehow to suit the rather dashing signature—"Jim."

This second letter was even more difficult than the first for an uninitiated person to understand, and it irritated Miss Moon to a high pitch of nervousness.

"It was partly a joke and partly earnest, but it had a good motive," wrote Betty. "I guessed the morning your really very conceited letter about the New York introductions came that Jim had something quaint up his sleeve to spring upon you when you'd arrived in America, but I didn't know what. To tell the truth, Val, I was even more disgusted than Jim by your cool way of assuming that you had only to show yourself to pick and choose among all the nicest as well as richest girls. I should have loved to box your ears, and I said, 'Of course we won't give him any letters, and I'll tell him just what we think of him; then maybe he won't go.' But Jim said: 'Yes, we will give him the letters, and he shall go. We may find another way of teaching him a lesson, a way that will do him good if he's worth being done good to.'

"That was all, and as Jim didn't refer to the subject again after we posted the letters of introduction the conversation slipped my mind. I didn't think any more about it until weird things began to be copied into London papers from New York ones and your mother wired Jim to ask what, if anything, could be done to punish Foxham. You see, she thought you were on the Baltic.

"Jim soothed all her worries, so you needn't be anxious about her, as of course you would if you thought she'd been alarmed. When I saw paragraphs in the papers I talked to Jim, and it was only then that he told me what he'd done, how it was all his fault really, and he was very sorry, because everything had turned out a lot worse for you than he'd ever dreamed of wanting it to be. 'Fate took a hand in the game and played it for all it was worth,' Jim said.

"It seems that Foxham, your man, asked Jim to cash a check signed by you one night not long ago. Don't you remember when he and I were at Battlemead and you came down for Saturday to Monday? Jim suspected something wrong, but wouldn't speak to you till he'd made sure, because that wouldn't have been fair, and Foxham was such an invaluable valet. A few days later, when Jim was making inquiries about the man, he found out that the horrid creature had actually impersonated you at two or three hotels and run up bills in your name. It was the very evening before your letter about America came that Jim got the first part of this information, and day by day more kept coming in up to the time when we heard Foxham had given you notice. All along Jim was thinking out the idea of that lesson for you—the joke that was to be half in earnest—and then when Mr. Vanderpot couldn't sail in the Mauretania the whole plan was mapped out without a word being said, even to me.

"Of course I want to assure you again, and Jim will write a postscript, that he meant nothing worse to happen to you than a disappointment and a blow to your conceit. He telegraphed to several of the people to whom you had letters, saying that if a person turned up calling himself by your name before the Baltic landed they'd better wait and make sure before being nice to you that you weren't your own absconding valet sailing under false colors. He didn't say it wouldn't be you, and he supposed that his friends would simply hang back for a few days, making no sign, thus giving you to think that you weren't as important in America as you'd fancied. He imagined, too, that the heiress business wouldn't come off quite as easily as you expected and that altogether you might be a little sobered down. As for your trouble with the bank, we know now that this is what happened: It turns out that Henry van Cotter has lately become a partner in the bank which corresponds with yours in London, and, having got Jim's wire about the valet probably at the same time when instructions arrived from the London and Southern, naturally he told his people to be prepared and not to pay. How could Jim think of such a thing happening or that Mr. van Cotter and the others would run about gossiping of what he told them as a mere supposition? It must have been too dreadful for you at the hotel. And, as for that Mr. Milton, I'm sure he is a horror.

"Then it was another contretemps that neither Jim nor I saw the newspapers at first. Of course the minute Jim knew what had been going on he wired everywhere and wrote long letters of explanation, too (a little earlier than he'd originally meant), to put an end to the misunderstanding he'd set in motion. But meanwhile you'd disappeared from New York. Poor dear, my heart quite bleeds for you! And yet—and yet—I wonder if all that you've gone through is entirely a matter of regret?"

It was here, after the "Affectionate Cousin Betty" signature, that the other handwriting began.

"I wonder too! I want to know what you think about it. Now it's all explained and you see just where and how much I'm to blame for what's past you may or may not be inclined to forgive me for trying to play Providence that good might come of evil. But if there is anything which you don't regret perhaps you'll partly understand—yourself and me. Anyhow, I apologize, having now done my best to atone, in case you want to go back to New York in a blaze of glory and be made a lion of. Meanwhile I await your verdict and am, as the writers of anonymous letters are supposed to sign themselves, 'your friend and well-wisher,' Jim."

Again fate had "taken a hand in the game" and used Miss Moon as catspaw. Into the fire in her bedroom at Bonnerstown went all those elaborate explanations, and Loveland did not dream that he had only to communicate with the bank in New York to receive apologies and a sum of money which, after his vicissitudes, would have seemed a fortune. He had not even a prophetic "pricking in his thumbs" while his mother's post-office order for $300 (£60) gayly burned in a Bonnerstown stove. He had no suspicion that New York society or an important section of it was wearing sackcloth and ashes on his account; neither did he know that Lesley Dearmer, whether believing him a genuine article or not, had sent him an anonymous donation which lay unclaimed at the Waldorf-Astoria.

In the house he and Miss Dearmer had no intercouse, and he did not even know what the girl's daily occupations were or what visitors she saw. But at least three hours out of every twenty-four gave her to him as an intimate companion, near in mind and body. Therefore until the hateful Cremer should fall out of a clear sky Val was not eager for home news which would leave no excuse for lingering at this old homestead in the blue grass country.

It seemed to Val that Lesley was always happy, and because she was happy herself she could not bear to see others sad or unfortunate. Though she asked no questions about her chauffeur's English past, she showed frank interest in his American experiences. She led him on as they spun through the country side by side to talk of Bill Willing, of Lillie de Lisle, of Ed Binney and even of Isidora, the almond eyed.

Too delicate minded to put her suspicions into words, Lesley contrived tactfully to pluck from Loveland some scanty information concerning Miss Alexander's semi-engagement to the Jewish commercial traveler.

"She'll nevery marry him," the girl announced authoritatively.

"I wish I could think you were right," said Loveland. "Poor Isidora has a warm, generous heart, and it would be a beastly shame to waste her on the oily creature."

"When I first knew you it wouldn't have occurred to you that the affairs of a common little person like that might be worth bothering about!" exclaimed Lesley. "But now I believe you're really interested."

"I really am," admitted Val. "I hope that doesn't disgust you?"

"Exactly the other way," Lesley assured him. "But Isidora won't marry the Cohen man after all that's happened. She won't marry any one for a good long time."

"What makes you think so?" asked Loveland.

"Oh, because I'm a woman myself." And then she would say no more on that subject, but she talked eagerly of Bill Willing and his star.

"BUT MY LANE IS BLOCKED."

Sidney Cremer would play fairy godfather to the two, she said, speaking with that happy certainty of her lover's mind which invariably depressed and irritated Loveland.

There were numerous country companies "on the road" touring with Sidney's pieces in very good towns Sidney would take "Mr. Gordon's" word for Lillie de Lisle's ability as a soubrette and would offer her a part shortly to be open owing to the marriage of the girl now playing it. As for "that perfect dumb of a Bill," a place should be found for him in the same company—that Lesley would promise—and they could marry at once.

"You had better wait and hear what Mr. Cremer says," suggested Loveland, almost bitterly, when Lesley had instructed him to write the good news at once to Lillie and Bill. Ed Binney was also to be provided for, sent to a convalescent home and given hope for a chance as "property man" with one of Sidney's plays when he should be strong enough to go on tour again.

"Oh, Sidney and I always think alike. Haven't I told you that before?" was Lesley's answer. "There's no need to wait. I know all about Sidney's business. And I thought it would be a pleasure to you to write and be the means of making your friends happy."

"So it would if I were the means," muttered Loveland. "But I'm not. It's Mr. Sidney Cremer. Everything is Sidney Cremer, and he is everything."

"Some day I may remind you of that speech," said Lesley. Then she laughed in a mysterious little way she had. But she was determined that Loveland should write the letters she desired written, and, learning the lesson of unselfishness, he tried to rejoice in his friend's good luck.

"It's a long lane that has no turning," he said to himself as he sealed letters which would change the face of the world for three persons. "Their turning has come at last, and I'm glad. But my lane is blocked. Whatever happens, that brute Sidney Cremer will always stand at the end and bar my way out."

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN THE CAR TOGETHER.

It was the day after Val had sent off the joyous tidings to his friends in the big world beyond the Hill Farm that tidings from the big world came to him.

Thanks to Miss Moon, the letters from home were lost. But, greatly as that lady would have delighted in so sweeping a measure, it was impossible to keep P. Gordon forever in the dark by destroying whole issues of New York journals.

Uncle Wally was in the habit of bringing the gentleman chauffeur his breakfast and with that meal, which consisted of delicious southern dishes, the morning paper.

Loveland did not find American news particularly exciting and as a rule merely glanced through the paper as he ate. But the New York Light had a special interest for him.

Val laid aside the Louisville Monday paper and began to read the New York Light.

Suddenly he cried out an excited "By Jove!" and forgot that he had not finished his breakfast, but as by this time Uncle Wally had gone there was nobody to be surprised by his emotion.

Yes, it had come at last, his justification, and even his triumph for the story as told by Tony Kidd made it seem almost a triumph. Indeed, he had hardly realized himself how dramatic it all was until he saw the printed account of what he had gone through. Bill Willing had been interviewed at the Bat hotel, of which a graphic sketch and description were given. Alexander the Great had been interviewed and thus secured another free advertisement for the red restaurant. Isidora had been interviewed and photographed in her best hat. And last, though far from least, Mr. Henry van Cotter had been interviewed. From him, it seemed, Tony Kidd had got on the trail of the truth: Mr. van Cotter's friend Jim Harborough had wired from London that it was all a mistake about the valet impersonating the Marquis of Loveland, a mistake which had partly arisen through the sailing of Lord Loveland on the Mauretania instead of the Baltic, as expected. The valet had sailed for Australia, but would be arrested at the first port, and it was the Marquis of Loveland himself whom fate and society had hounded out of New York.

"Where Is Lord Loveland?" was one of the several sensational headlines with which Tony had ornamented his two column article, for, though Bill Willing had told of the barnstorming episode, he did not yet know and therefore could not tell, even if he would, his "swell" friends's present address.

Now that he had come into his own Loveland could no doubt somehow get money almost at once on that unlucky letter of credit, pay back the advance Miss Dearmer had made him, cease to be a gentleman chauffeur, leave the Hill Farm and return to New York to be a gentleman at large.

But there was no joy in the thought of ceasing to be a chauffeur and still less in that of leaving the Hill Farm.

The play was played out, and the adventure was over, but life could not be as it had been for Loveland. He could not take up the old life or the old self where he had dropped both one night in Central park. He was a different man in these days, caring for different things, and unfortunately the thing he cared for most was the one thing he could not have—Lesley Dearmer's love. Being once more Lord Loveland and having a repentant New York at his feet would not give him Lesley Dearmer. While he was thinking how good it would have been were fate a better stage manager to justify himself to Lesley, Lesley sent for him by Uncle Wally.

To her he was still the chauffeur, and the darky who politely delivered the message announced that "young miss would be obliged to Massah Gordon if he would take her out in the car as quick as possible."

As Loveland looked over the Gloria, making her purr pleasantly in preparation for the run, he tried to decide definitely what to do next. Face to face with the certainty of separation and her marriage with another man, every hour spent with the loved one became a priceless treasure. He resolved not only to be silent about the article in the New York Light, but to go back to his room and carefully hide the newspaper.

This he did, delighted to find the big budget lying on the floor where he had left it.

When Cremer was in the house he would be glad to go and glad to prove to Lesley before going that he was all he had once claimed to be.

When the car was ready he drove to the front door and found Lesley tying on her motor veil, a charming picture set in a rustic frame.

Loveland's spirits rose when he saw that she was alone. Auntie in the limousine was the least obtrusive of chaperons. Still, there was joy in having the girl to himself.

"For a wonder I couldn't sleep last night," said Lesley, "and I thought an early spin in the car would clear my brain of cobwebs."

Loveland said he was sorry to hear Miss Dearmer had not slept. "Uncle Wally told me," he added, "that you'd been writing late last night."

"Not exactly writing," explained Lesley, finishing the chiffon bow under her chin with dainty elaboration. "I was looking over an act of a new play which Sidney has begun. Perhaps that excited me. And then I was waked at 7 by a telegram and could not sleep again."

Something in her eyes, gleaming like fairy jewels under an enchanted lake as they shone through the filmy veil, made Val miserably sure that Cremer had sent the telegram.

But he was becoming outwardly quite a well trained servant, and only under the greatest provocation could he be goaded into asking impertinent questions.

"You've heard nothing from your people yet?" asked Lesley after a few minutes' silence while they flew along a road smooth as if it had been made for generations.

"Not yet," replied Val. "But I dare say something will be forwarded from Bonnerstown theater in a day or two. I told you I'd written to the manager there, giving this address, for Bill would have sent on to Bonnerstown anything that came for me to his care in New York."

"Yes, you told me," said Lesley. "But I was wondering if you'd had good news, because"—

"Because of something in your telegram?" Loveland could not resist speaking into the slight pause she made.

"Yes, indirectly. Dear me, Mr. Gordon, don't you think you went round that corner too fast?"

"Did I?" asked Loveland. "I'm sorry. I didn't notice."

(Continued Next Saturday)

BY AUTHORITY.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH.

Honolulu, Hawaii, June 6, 1911.

TENDERS FOR BEEF CATTLE.

Sealed tenders, in duplicate, endorsed "Tenders for Beef Cattle," will be received at the office of the Board of Health, until 12 o'clock noon, Tuesday, June 20, 1911, for supplying the Leper Settlement, Molokai, with beef cattle for the period of six months from July 1, 1911, to December 31, 1911, under the following conditions, namely:

1. The bidder must offer to furnish fat beef cattle to weigh not less than 350 pounds net when dressed, in lots averaging about 60 head per month, more or less, as may be specified by the Superintendent of the Leper Settlement, delivered at the Leper Settlement, Molokai. For further information apply at the office of the Board of Health, Honolulu.

2. Hides, tallow and offal to be the property of the Board of Health.

3. Each bid must be for the price per pound live weight, with an alternative offer of a price per head.

4. The successful bidder must agree that all cattle are offered for delivery subject to the right of the Superintendent of the Leper Settlement to reject any or all unfit for use, in which event other cattle must be forthwith furnished to make up the required number and those rejected forthwith removed at the expense of the bidder.

All bids must be submitted in accordance with, and subject to, the provisions and requirements of Act 62, Session Laws 1909.

Tenders must be accompanied by a certified check equal in amount to 5 per cent. of the tender on the basis of 60 head per month, or 60 head per month weighing net, when dressed, 350 pounds each.

THE BOARD OF HEALTH.
By its President,
E. A. MOTT-SMITH.

4947—June 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH.

Honolulu, Hawaii, June 6, 1911.

TENDERS FOR PAIAI—LEPER SETTLEMENT.

Sealed tenders, in duplicate, endorsed "Tenders for Paiai—Leper Settlement," will be received at the office of the Board of Health, until 12 o'clock noon, Tuesday, June 20, 1911, for supplying the Leper Settlement, Molokai, with paiai during the period of six months from July 1, 1911, to December 31, 1911, under the following conditions, namely:

Tenders to be for the price per bundle of paiai weighing twenty-five (25) pounds net. The paiai to be freshly made and securely packed in ti leaves and delivered in good condition at the Leper Settlement, Molokai.

Tenders to be based on the supply of 900 to 1900 paiai per month to be delivered as ordered by the Superintendent and the supply to begin with the first week of July, 1911.

For further information apply at the office of the Board of Health, Honolulu.

The Board reserves the right to purchase taro from Waikolu Valley.

Tenders must be accompanied by a certified check equal in amount to 5 per cent. of the tender on the basis of 1200 paiai per month.

All bids must be submitted in accordance with, and be subject to, the provisions and requirements of Act 62, Session Laws of 1909.

THE BOARD OF HEALTH,
By its President,
E. A. MOTT-SMITH.

4947—June 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16

PRINTING AND BINDING DECISIONS OF THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT FOR HAWAII.

Sealed tenders will be received at the Office of the Secretary of Hawaii until 12 o'clock noon on Saturday, June 17, A. D. 1911, for printing and binding Volume 3 of the Decisions of the United States District Court for Hawaii. Specifications may be had upon application at the Secretary's Office.

The lowest or any bid not necessarily accepted.

E. A. MOTT-SMITH,
Secretary of Hawaii.

Executive Building, Honolulu, May 16, 1911.

1930—May 17, 20, 24, 27, 31; June 3, 7, 10, 14, 16.

LEGAL NOTICES.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT, FIRST Circuit, Territory of Hawaii.—In Probate. At Chambers. Number 3669. In the matter of the Estate of Henry Waterhouse, late of Honolulu, Oahu, T. H., deceased. On reading and filing the petition and accounts of William Waterhouse and Albert Waterhouse, executors of the Will of Henry Waterhouse, deceased, wherein petitioners ask to be allowed $134,490.04 and charged with $134,490.04, and ask that the same be examined and approved, and that a final order be made of distribution of the remaining property to the persons thereto entitled and discharging petitioners from all further responsibility therein: It is Ordered, that MONDAY, the 10th day of JULY, at 10 o'clock a. m., before the Judge presiding at Chambers of said Court at his courtroom in the Judiciary Building, in Honolulu, City and County of Honolulu, be and the same hereby is appointed the time and place for hearing said petition and accounts, and that all persons interested may then and there appear and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted, and may present evidence as to who are entitled to the said property. Dated at Honolulu, this 2nd day of June, 1911. By the Court: J. A. THOMPSON, Clerk, Circuit Court, First Circuit. Smith, Warren & Hemenway, attorneys for petitioners, Judd Building.

4945—June 3, 10, 17, 24.

CORPORATION NOTICES.

MEETING NOTICE.

The annual meeting of Sierra Nevada Development Company will be held Monday, June 12, 1911, at the office of McCandless Bros., Room 203 McCandless building. This date falling on a legal holiday, the meeting will be postponed until Wednesday, June 14, at 10 o'clock a. m., in Room 204 McCandless building.

The stock books of the company will be closed for transfers from June 1 to June 14, 1911, both dates inclusive.

C. G. BOCKUS,
Secretary, S. N. D. Co.

Honolulu, Hawaii, May 31, 1911.

4942—May 31; June 6, 10.

HALAWA PLANTATION, LIMITED.

Notice is hereby given that a special general meeting of the stockholders of Halawa Plantation, Limited, will be held at the offices of the company, Kohala, County and Territory of Hawaii, on Thursday, the 22nd day of June, 1911, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of considering an increase of the capital of the company, and for other purposes.

Dated this 1st day of June, 1911.

A. MASON,
Secretary.

4945—June 3, 10, 17.